

Dramatis Personæ.

Domitianus, Cæsar.

Paris, *the Tragedian.*

Parthenius, *a Free-man of Cæsar's.*

Ælius Lamia, *and* Stephanos.

Junius Rusticus.

Aretinus Clemens, *Cæsar's Spie.*

Æsopus, *a Player.*

Philargus, *a Rich Miser.*

Palphurius Sura, *a Senator.*

Latinus, *a Player.*

3. *Tribunes.*

2. *Lictors.*

Domitia, *the Wife of Ælius Lamia.*

Domitilla, *Cousin German to Cæsar.*

Julia, *Titus's Daughter.*

Cænis, *Vespasian's Concubine.*

Drummers' Performances

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THE
ROMAN ACTOR.
 A
TRAGEDY.
 ACT I.
 SCENE, *The Roman Theatre.*

Enter Paris, Latinus, Aesopus.



AESOPUS.
WHAT do we act to Day?
Lat. Agave's Phrensy.
With Pentheus's bloody End.
Par. It skills not what,
 The Times are dull, and all that we receive

Will hardly satisfy the Day's Expence.
 The *Greeks* (to whom we owe the first Invention
 Both of the Buskind Scene and humble Sock,)
 That reign in every Noble Family,
 Declaim against us: And our *Amphitheatre*,
 Great *Pompey's* Work, that hath giv'n full Delight
 Both to the Eye, and Ear of fifty thousand
 Spectators in one Day, as if it were

B

Some

The Roman Actor.

Some unknown Desert, or great Rome unpeopl'd,
Is quite forsaken.

Lat. Pleasures of worse Natures
Are gladly entertain'd, and they that shun us,
Practice, in private, Sports the Stew would blush at.
A Litter born by eight *Liburnian Slaves*,
To buy Diseases from a glorious Strumpet,
The most censorious of our *Roman Gentry*,
Nay of the guarded Robe the Senators,
Esteem an easy Purchase.

Par. Ye grudge us
That with delight join Profit and Endeavour
To build their Minds up fair, and, on the Stage
Decipher to the Life what Honours wait.
On good and glorious Actions, and the Shame
That treads upon the Heels of Vice. The Salary
Of six *Sesterii*.

Æsop. For the Profit, *Paris*,
And mercenary Gain, they are Things beneath us,
Since while you hold your Grace and Power with *Cæsar*,
We, from your Bounty, find a large Supply,
Nor can one Thought of Want ever approach us.

Par. Our Aim is Glory, and to leave our Names
To After-Time.

Lat. And, would they give us leave,
There ends all our Ambition.

Æsop. We have Enemies,
And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
The Consul *Aretinus* (*Cæsar's Spy*)
Said at his Table, E'er a Month expir'd
(For being gall'd in our last Comedy)
He would silence us for ever.

Par. I expect
No Favour from him; my strong *Aventine* is,
That great *Domitian*, whom we oft have cheer'd
In his most fullen Moods, will once return,
Who can repair, with Ease, the Consul's Ruins.

Lat. 'Tis rumour'd in the City, he hath subdued
The *Catti*, and the *Daci*, and, ere long,
The second Time will enter Rome in Triumph.

Enter

The Roman Actor

B

Enter two Lictors.

Par. *Jeve* hasten it. With us! I now believe
The Consul's Threats. *Æsopus.*

1. *Lict.* You are summon'd
To appear to Day in Senate.

2. *Lict.* And there to answer
What shall be urg'd against you.

Par. We obey you:

Nay, droop not Fellows, Innocence should be bold.

We that have personated in the Scene

The antient Heroes, and the Falls of Princes,

With loud Applause, being to act our selves,

Must do it with undaunted Confidence.

Whate'er our Sentence be, think 'tis in Sport.

And, though condemn'd, let's hear it without Fear,

As if we were to act again to Morrow.

1. *Lict.* 'Tis spoken like your self.

Enter Ælius, Lamia, Junius, Rusticus, Palphuris, Sura.

Lam. Whither goes *Paris*?

1. *Lict.* He's cited to the Senate.

Lat. I am glad the State is

So free from Matters of more Weight and Trouble,

That it has vacant Time to look on us.

Par. That reverend Place, in which the Affairs of
Kings

And Provinces were determin'd to descend

To the Censure of a bitter Word, or Jest,

Dropp'd from a Poet's Pen! Peace to your Lordships,

We are glad that you are safe.

Exeunt Lictors, Paris, Latinus, Æsopus.

Lam. What Times are these?

To what is *Rome* fallen? May we, being alone,

Speak our Thoughts freely of the Prince, and State,

And not fear the Informer?

Rust. Noble *Lamia*,

So dangerous the Age is, and such bad Acts

Are practic'd every where, we hardly sleep,

Nay, cannot dream with Safety. All our Actions

Are call'd in Question; to be nobly born

Is now a Crime; and to deserve too well

Held Capital Treason. Sons accuse their Fathers,

Fathers their Sons; and, but to win a Smile
 From one in Grace in Court, our chafteſt Matrons
 Make Shipwrack of their Honours. To be virtuous
 Is to be guilty. They are only ſafe
 That know how to ſooth the Prince's Appetite,
 And ſerve his Luſts.

Sura. 'Tis true; and 'tis my Wonder,
 That two Sons of ſo different a Nature,
 Should ſpring from good *Veſpaſian*. We had a *Titus*,
 Stil'd juſtly the Delight of all Mankind,
 Who did eſteem that Day as loſt in Life,
 In which ſome one or other taſted not
 Of his magnificent Bounties. One that had
 A ready Tear when he was forc'd to ſign
 The Death of an Offender. And ſo far
 From Pride, that he diſdain'd not the Conyerſe
 Even of the pooreſt *Roman*.

Lam. Yet his Brother
Domitian, that now ſways the Power of Things,
 Is ſo inclin'd to Blood, that no Day paſſes
 In which ſome are not faſten'd to the Hook,
 Or thrown from the *Tarpeian* Rock. His Freeman
 Scorn the Nobility, and he himſelf,
 As if he were not made of Fleſh and Blood,
 Forgets he is a Man.

Ruf. In his young Years
 He ſhew'd what he would be when grown to Ripeneſs;
 His greateſt Pleaſure was, being a Child,
 With a ſharp-pointed Bodkin to kill Flies,
 Whoſe Rooms now Men ſupply. For his Escape
 In the *Vitellian* War; he rais'd a Temple
 To *Jupiter*, and proudly plac'd his Figure
 In the Boſom of the God. And in his Edicts
 He does not bluſh, or ſtart, to ſtile himſelf
 (As if the Name of Emperour were baſe)
 The God *Domitian*.

Sura. I have Letters
 He's on his Way to *Rome*, and purpoſes
 To enter it with Glory. The flattering Senate
 Decrees him divine Honours, and to croſs it,
 Were Death with ſtudied Torments: for my Part,
 I will

The Roman Actor.

I will obey the time, it is in vain
To strive against the Torrent.

Rust. Let's to the *Curia*,
And though unwillingly, give our Suffrages
Before we are compell'd. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E, A Chamber.

Enter Domitia, and Parthenius.

Domit. To me this Reverence?

Parth. I pay it Lady

As a Debt due to her that's *Cesar's* Mistress.
For, understand with Joy, he that commands
All that the Sun gives Warmth to, is your Servant.
Be not amaz'd, but fit you to your Fortunes.
Think on your State and Greatness, and the Honours
That wait upon *Augusta*, for that Name
E'er long comes to you. Still you doubt your Vassal,
But when you have read this Letter, writ, and sign'd
With his imperial Hand, you will be freed
From Fear, and Jealousie, and I beseech you,
When all the Beauties of the Earth bow to you,
When every Smile you give is a Preferment,
And you dispose of Provinces to your Creatures,
Think on *Parthenius*.

Domit. Rise. I am transported,
And hardly dare believe what is assur'd here.
The Means, my good *Parthenius*, that wrought *Cesar*
(Our God on Earth) to cast an Eye of Favour
Upon his humble Handmaid!

Parth. What, but your Beauty!
When Nature fram'd you for her Master-piece,
As the pure Abstract of all rare in Woman,
She had no other Ends but to Design you
To the most eminent Place. I will not say
(For it would be too arrogant to insinuate
The Service I have done you) with what Zeal
I oft have made Relation of your Vertues,
Or how I have sung your Goodness, or how *Cesar*
Was fir'd with your Story;

The Relation of

I am

I am rewarded in the Act, and happy
In that my Project prosper'd.

Domit. You are modest,
And, were it in my Power, I would be thankful.
If that when I was Mistress of my self,
And in my way of Youth, pure and untainted,
The Emperor had vouchsaf'd to seek my Favours,
I had with Joy given up my Virgin Beauty,
At the first Summons to his soft Embraces:
But I am now anothers, not my own.
Marriage has made me *Lamia's* Lawful Wife,
Nor would I be dishonourably *Cesar's*;
And how Law
Can be dispens'd with to become his Consort?
To me's a Riddle.

Parth. I can soon resolve it.
When Power puts in his Plea, the Laws are silenc'd,
The World confesses one *Rome*, and one *Cesar*,
And as his Rule is infinite, his Pleasures
Are unconfin'd; his Will
Stands for a thousand Reasons.

Domit. But with safety,
Suppose I should consent, how can I do it,
My Husband is a Senator of a *Temper*?
Not to be sported with.

Enter Lamia

Parth. As if he durst
Be *Cesar's* Rival. Here he comes, with ease
I will remove this Scruple.

Lam. How! so private!
My own House made a Brothel! Sir, how durst you,
Though guarded with your Power in Court, and
Greatness,
Hold Conference with my Wife? As for you, Minion,
I shall hereafter treat.

Parth. You are Rude, and Sawcy,
Nor know to whom you speak.

Lam. This is fine Faith!
Is she not my Wife?

Parth. Your Wife? but touch her, that Respect
forgotten

That's

That's due to her, whom mightiest *Cesar* favours
And think what 'tis to die. Not to lose time:
She's *Cesar's* Choice, it is sufficient Honour
You were his Taster in this heavenly Nectar,
But now must quit the Office.

Lam. This is rare.
Cannot a Man be Master of his Wife
Because she's Young, and fair, without a Patent?
In my own House am an Emperour,
And will defend what's mine, where are my Servants?
If such an Insolence escape unpunish'd—

Parth. In your self *Lamia*. *Cesar* hath forgot
To use his Power, and I his Instrument,
In whom though absent, his Authority speaks,
Have lost my Faculties. [Stamp]

Eeter a Centurion with Soldiers.

Lam. The Guard! am I
Design'd for Death?

Domit. As you desire my Favour
Take not so rough a Course.

Parth. All your Desires
Are absolute Commands. Yet give me leave
To put the Will of *Cesar* into Act.
Here's a Bill of Divorce between your Lordship,
And this Great Lady. If you refuse to sign it,
And so as if you did it uncompell'd,
Won to it by Reasons that concern your self,
Her Honour too, untainted. Here are Clerks,
Shall in your best Blood write it new, till Torture
Compel you to perform it.

Lam. Is this legal?

Parth. Will you dispute.

Lam. I know not what to urge
Against my self, but too much Dotage on her
Love and Observance.

Parth. Set it under your Hand
That you are Impotent, and cannot pay
The Duties of a Husband, or that you are Mad
(Rather than want just Cause we'll make you so)
Dispatch, you know the Danger else, deliver it,
Nay; on your Knee. Madam you now are free

And

And Mistress of your self.

Lam. Can you *Domitia*
Consent to this?

Domit. I would argue a base Mind;
To live a Servant, when I may command.
I now am *Cesar's*, and yet in Respect,
I once was yours, when you come to the Pallace;
(Provided you deserve it in your Service.)
You shall find me your good Mistress. Wait me *Par-*
thenius.

Exeunt all but Lamia.

Lam. To the Gods

I bend my Knees, (for Tyranny hath banish'd
Justice from Men) and as they would deserve
Their Altars, and our Vowes, humbly invoke, ent
That this my ravish'd Wife may prove as fatal
To proud *Domitian*, and her Embraces
Afford him in the end as little Joy,
As wanton *Helen* gave the Youth of *Troy*. *Exit.*

SCENE. The Senate.

*Enter, Lictors, Aretinus, Fulcinus, Rusticus,
Sura, Paris, Latinus, Etopus.*

Aret. Fathers, conscript may this our Meeting be
Happy to *Cesar* and the Common Wealth.

Lict. Silence.

Aret. The purpose of this frequent Senate
Is first to give thanks to the Gods of *Rome*,
That for the propagation of the Empire,
Vouchsafe us one to govern like themselves.
In height of Courage, depth of Understanding,
And all those Virtues, and conspicuous Graces.
Which make a Prince most eminent: our *Domitian*
Transcends the Ancient *Romans*. I can never
Bring his Praise to a Period. What Good Man
That is a Friend to Truth, dares make it doubtful,
That he hath *Fabius* Stay'dness, and the Courage
Of bold *Marcellus*, to whom *Hanibal* gave
The Stile of Target, and the Sword of *Rome*.

But

But he has more, and every Touch more Roman
As Pompey's Dignity, Augustus State,
Antony's Bounty, and great Julius Fortune,
With Cato's Resolution. I am lost
In th' Ocean of his Vertues. In a Word,
All Excellencies of good Men in him meet,
But no part of their Vices.

Rust. This is no Flattery!

Sur. Take heed, you'll be observ'd.

Aret. 'Tis then most fit

That we (as to the Father of our Country,
Like thankful Sons, stand bound to pay true Service
For all those Blessings that he showers upon us)
Should not connive, and see his Government,
Deprav'd and scandaliz'd by meaner Men
That to his Favour, and indulgence owe
Themselves and Being.

Par. Now he points at us.

Aret. Cite Paris the Tragedian.

Par. Here.

Aret. Stand forth.

In thee, as being the chief of thy Profession,
I do accuse the Quality of Treason,
As Libelers against the State and Caesar.

Par. Meer Accusations are not Proofs my Lord,
In what are we Delinquents?

Aret. You are they

That search into the Secrets of the time,
And under fain'd Names, on the Stage, present
Actions not to be touch'd at; and traduce
Persons of Rank, and quality of both Sexes,
And with satirical and bitter Jests
Make even the Senators ridiculous
To the Plebeans.

Par. If I free not myself,
(And, in myself, the rest of my Profession)
From these false Imputations, and prove
That they make that a Libel, which the Poet
Writ for a Comedy, so acted too,
It is but Justice that we undergo
The heaviest Censure.

Arr. Are you on the Stage,
You talk so boldly?

Bar. The whole World being one
This Place is not exempted, and I am
So confident in the Justice of our Cause,
That I could wish *Cesar*, in whose great Name
All Kings are comprehended, late as Judge,
To hear our Plea, and then determine of us.
If to expose a Man sold to his Lusts,
Wasting the Treasure of his Time and Fortunes,
In wanton Dalliance, and to what sad end
A Wretch that's so given over does arrive at,
Deterring careless Youth, by his Example,
From such licentious Courses; laying open
The Snares of Bauds, and the consuming Arts
Of prodigal Strumpets, can deserve Reproof,
Why are not all your Golden Principles
Writ down by grave Philosophers to instruct us
To chuse fair Vertue for our Guide,
Condemn'd unto the Fire?

Sura. There's Spirit in this.

Par. Or, if desire of Honour was the Base
On which the Building of the *Roman* Empire
Was rais'd up to this height; if to inflame
The Noble Youth with an ambitious Heat,
T'indure the Frosts of Danger, nay of Death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal Wreath
By glorious Undertakings, may deserve
Reward, or Favour from the Common-wealth,
Our Theatre may claim as large a Share
As all the Schools of the Philosophers;
They which could Precepts (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver what an honourable Thing
The active Vertue is. But does that fire
The Blood, or swell the Veins with Emulation
To be both Good, and Great, equal to that
Which is presented on our Theaters?
Let a just Actor in a lofty Scene
Show great *Alcides* honour'd in the Sweat
Of his twelve Labours; or a bold *Camillus*
Forbidding *Rome* to be redeem'd with Gold

From

The Roman Actor.

11

From the insulting *Gauls*; or *Scipio*
After his Victories imposing Tribute
On conquer'd *Carthage*. If done to the Life,
As if they saw their Dangers, and their Glories,
And did partake with them in their Rewards,
All that have any spark of *Roman* in them,
Must catch the Flame, and kindling to Applause,
Forget their slothful Arts, burning to be
Themselves the Heroes, we present before 'em.

Rust. He has put

The Consuls to their Whisper,

Par. But 'tis ung'd

That we corrupt Youth, and traduce Superiours:
When do we bring a Vice upon the Stage,
That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach
By the success of wicked Undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden Steps?
We show no Arts of *Lidian* Pandarism,
Corinthian Poisons, *Persian* Flatteries,
But mulcted so in the Conclusion that
Even those Spectators that were so inclin'd,
Go home chang'd Men. And for traducing those
That are above us, publishing to the World
Their secret Crimes, we are as innocent
As those born Dumb. When we present
An Heir, that does conspire against the Life
Of his dear Parent, numbering every Hour
He lives as tedious to him, if there be
Among the Auditors one whose Conscience tells him,
He is of the same Mould, we cannot help it.
Or bringing on the Stage a loose Adulteress,
That does maintain the Riotous Expence,
Of him that feeds her guilty Flame, yet suffers
The lawful Pledges of a former Bed
To starve the while for hunger, if a Matron
However great in Fortune, Birth, or Titles,
Guilty of such a foul unnatural Sin,
Cry out, 'tis writ at me, we cannot help it:
Or, when a covetous Man's exprest, whose Wealth
Arithmetick cannot number, and whose Lordships
A Falcon in one Day cannot fly over,

Yet he so sordid in his Mind, so griping
 As not to afford himself the necessaries
 To maintain Life : If a Patrician,
 (Though honour'd with a Consulship) find himself
 Touch'd to the quick in this, we cannot help it ;
 Or, when we show a Judge that is corrupt,
 And will give up his Sentence, as he favours
 The Person, not the Cause, saving the Guilty
 If of his Faction, and as oft condemning
 The Innocent out of particular Spleen,
 If any in this reverend Assembly,
 Nay, e'en your self my Lord, that are the Image
 Of absent *Cæsar* feel something in your Bosom
 That puts you in remembrance of things past,
 Or things intended, 'tis not in us to help it.
 I have said, my Lord, and now as you find Cause,
 Or censure us, or free us with Applause.

Lat. Well pleaded on my Life, I never saw him
 Act an Orator's Part before.

Æsop. We might have given
 Ten double Fees to *Regulus*, and yet
 Our Cause deliver'd worse. *A Shout within.*

Enter Parthenius.

Aret. What Shout is that ?

Parth. *Cæsar* our Lord, married to Conquest, is
 Return'd in Triumph.

Fulcin. Let's all hast to meet him.

Aret. Break up the Court, we will reserve to him
 The Censure of this Cause.

All. Long Life to *Cæsar.* *Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, The Capitol.

Enter Julia, Cænis, Domitilla, Domitia.

Can. Stand back, the Place is mine.

Jul. Yours? am I not
 Great *Titus'* Daughter, and *Domitian's* Niece,
 Dares any claim Precedence?

Can. I was more,
 The Mistress of your Father, and in his Right

Claim

Claim Duty from you.

Ful. I confess you were useful
To please his Appetite.

Domit. To end the Controversy,
For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold
To lead the way my self.

Domitil. You! Minion!

Domit. Yes,
And all e'er long shall kneel to catch my Favours.

Ful. Whence springs this Flood of Greatness?

Domit. You shall know
Too soon to your Vexation, and perhaps
Repent too late, and pine with Envy when
You see whom *Cesar* favours.

Ful. Observe the Sequel.

*Enter Domitian in Triumph, attended by Parthenius,
Paris, Latinus, Æsopus, Aretinus, Sura, Lamia,
Rusticus, Fulcinus, and Prisoners.*

Ces. As we now touch the height of Human Glory,
Passing in Triumph to the Capitol,
Let these whom this victorious Arm hath made
The scorn of Fortune, and the Slaves of Rome,
Tast the Extremes of Misery. Bear them off
To the Common Prisons, and there let them prove
How sharp our Axes are.

Rust. A bloody Entrance!

Ces. To tell you, you are happy in your Prince
Were to distrust your Love, or my Desert,
And either were distastful. Or to boast
How much, not by my Deputies, but my self,
I have enlarged the Empire; or what Horrors
The Soldier in our Conduct have broke through,
Would better suit the Mouth of *Plautus Bragart*,
Than the Triumphant Monarch of the World.

Sura. This is no boasting.

Ces. When I but name the *Daci*,
And Gray Ey'd *Germans* whom I have subdu'd,
The Ghost of *Julius* will look pale with Envy,
I am above all Honours you can give me.

Aret. At all Parts

Cœlestial Sacrifice is fit for *Cesar*,
In our Acknowledgments.

Cæs. Thanks *Aretinus*,
Still hold our Favour. Now, the God of War,
And Famine, Blood, and Death, are banish'd
In our good Fortune.

With Justice may we taste the Fruits of Peace,
Whose Sword hath plow'd the Ground, and reap'd
the Harvest

Of your Prosperity. Nor can I think
That there is one among you so ungrateful,
Or such an Enemy to thriving Vertue,
That can esteem the Jewel he holds dearest,
Too good for *Cesar's* Use.

Sur. All we possess.

Lam. Our Liberties.

Fulcin. Our Children.

Parth. Wealth.

Aret. And Lives,

Fall willingly beneath his Feet.

Rust. Base Flattery.

What *Roman* could indure this?

Cæs. This calls on

My Love to all, which spreads it self among you,
The Beauties of the Time.

To you *Julia* my Niece, and *Cenis* the Delight
Of old *Vespasian*, *Domitilla* too
A Princess of our Blood.

Rust. 'Tis strange his Pride
Affords no greater Courtesy to Ladies
Of such high Birth and Rank.

Sur. Your Wife's forgotten.

Lam. No she will be remembred fear it not.

Cæs. But when I look on
Divine *Domitia*, methinks we should meet,
(The lesser Gods applauding the Encounter)
As *Jupiter* the Giant's lying Dead
On the *Phlegrean* Plain imbrac'd this *Juno*,
Lamia 'tis your Honour that she's mine.

Lam. You are too great to be refus'd.

Cæs. Let all

That

That fear our Frown, or do affect our Favour,
Without examining the Reason why,
Salute her, With the Title of *Augusta*.

Domit. Still your Servant,

All Shout. Long live *Augusta* great *Domitian's* Em-
press.

Cas. *Paris* my Hand.

Par. The Gods still honour *Cesar*.

Cas. The Wars are ended, and our Arms laid by
We are for soft Delights. Command the Poets

To use their choicest, and most rare Invention

To entertain the time, and be you careful

To give it Action, we'll provide the People

Pleasures of all kinds. On to the Capitol,

'Tis Death to him that wears a fullen Brow.

Thus the full Glory of the Monarch's Throne

Is, when his boundless Will gives Laws alone,

Obey'd by all! Accountable to none. *Exeunt.*

A C T. II.

S C E N E, A Chamber.

Enter Philargus, Parthenius.

Philarg. My Son to tutor me. Know your Obe-
dience,

And question not my Will.

Parth. Sir, were I one
Whom Want compell'd to wish a full Possession
Of what is yours. Or had I ever numbred
Your Years, or thought you liv'd too long, with
Reason

You then might nourish ill Opinions of me :

Or did the Suit that I prefer to you

Concern my self, and aim not at your Good,

You might deny, and I sit down with Patience,

And

And after never press you.

Philarg. I' the Name of *Pluto*,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Parth. Right to your self,
Oh suffer me to do it. Can you imagine
This wretched Hat, this tatter'd Cloak, rent Shoe,
This sordid Linnen can become the Master
Of your fair Fortunes? whose superfluous Means
(Though I were burthen some) could cloath you in
The costliest *Persian Silks*, studded with Jewels
The spoils of Provinces, and every day
Fresh change of *Tinian Purple*

Philarg. Out upon thee!
My Moneys in my Coffers melt to hear thee
Purple! hence Prodigal! Shall I make my Mercer
Or Taylor my Heir, or see my Jeweller purchase?
No, I hate Pride

Parth. Yet Decency would do well

Though for your outside you will not be altered,

Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you,

~~Not to deny your Body Nourishment;~~

Neither to think you have feasted when 'tis cram'd
With mouldy Barley Bread, Onions, and Leeks,
And the Drink of Bondmen, Water.

Philarg. Wouldst thou have me
Be an *Apicius*, or a *Lucullus*,
And riot out my State in curious Sauces?
Wise Nature, with a little is contented,
And following her, my Guide, I cannot err.

Parth. But you destroy her in your want of Care
(I blush to see, and speak it) to maintain her
In perfect Health and Vigour, when you suffer
(Frighted with the charge of Physic) Rheums, Catarhs,
The Scurfe, Ach in your Bones to grow upon you,
And hasten on your Fate with too much sparing.
When a cheap Purge, a Vomit and good Diet
May lengthen it, give me but leave to send
The Emperor's Doctor to you.

Philarg. I'll be born first
Half rotten to my Grave,
His Pills, his Cordials, his Electuaries,

His

His Sirrups, Julips, Bezerstone, nor his
Imagin'd Unicorn's Horn comes in my Belly;
My Mouth shall be a draught first. 'Tis resolv'd:
No; I'll not lessen my dear golden Heap,
Which every Hour increasing does renew,
My Youth, and Vigour, but if lessen'd, then,
Then my poor Hartstrings crack. Let me enjoy it,
And brood o'er't while I live, it being my Life,
My Soul, my All. But when I turn to Dust,
And part from what is more esteem'd by me
Then all the Gods, Rome's thousand Altars smoke to;
Inherit thou my Adoration of it,
And like me serve my Idol. *Exit Philargus.*

Parth. What a strange Torture
Is Avarice to itself! What Man that looks on
Such a penurious Spectacle but must
Know what the Fable meant of *Tantalus*,
Or the Ass whose Back is crack'd with curious Viands;
Yet feeds on Thistles. Some course I must take,
To make my Father know what Cruelty
He uses on himself.

Enter Paris.

Par. Sir, with your Pardon,
I make bold to enquire the Emperour's Pleasure;
For, being by him commanded to attend,
Your Favour may instruct us what's his Will
Shall be this Night presented?

Parth. My lov'd *Paris*,
Without my Intercession you well know
You may make your own Approaches, since his Ear
To you is ever open.

Par. I acknowledge
His Clemency to my Weakness,
The Grace he pleases to confer upon me
(Without boast I may say so much) was never
Imploy'd to wrong the Innocent, or to Incense
His Fury.

Parth. 'Tis confess'd many Men owe you
For Provinces they ne'er hop'd for; and their Lives
Forfeited to his Anger, you being absent,
I could say more.

Par. You still are my good Patron,
And lay it in my Fortune to deserve it,
You should perceive the poorest of your Clients,
To his best Abilities thankful.

Parth. I believe so.
Met you my Father?

Par. Yes, Sir, with much Grief.
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himself?

Parth. O *Paris*, 'tis a Weight
Sits heavy here, and could this Right Hand's loss
Remove it, it should off, but he is deaf
To all Perswasion.

Par. Sir, with your Pardon,
I'll offer my Advice! I once observ'd
In a Tragedy of ours, in which a Murther
Was acted to the Life, a guilty Hearer,
Forc'd by the Terror of a wounded Conscience,
To make Discovery of that, which Torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an Impossibility, but that
Your Father looking on a covetous Man,
Presented on the Stage, as in a Mirror,
May see his own Deformity, and loath it,
Now, could you but perswade the Emperor
To see a Comedy, we have, that's stil'd,
The Cure of Avarice, and to command
Your Father to be a Spectator of it,
He shall be so Anoramiz'd in the Scene,
And see himself so personated; the baseness
Of a self torturing miserable Wretch
Truly describ'd, that I much-hope the Object
Will work Compunction in him.

Parth. There's your Fee,
I ne'er bought better Council. Be you in readiness
I will effect the rest.

Par. Sir, When you please
We'll be prepar'd to enter. Sir, the Emperor.

Exit Paris.

SCENE,

SCENE. The Emperor's Palace.

Enter, Cæsar, Aretinus, Guard.

Cæs. Repine at us?

Aret. 'Tis more, or my Informers
That keep strict Watch upon him are deceiv'd
In their Intelligence, there is a List
Of Malecontents, as *Junius Rusticus*,
Palphurius, *Sura*, and this *Ælius Lamia*,
That murmur at your Triumphs as meer Pageants;
And at their Midnight Meetings tax your Justice
(For so I stile what they call Tyranny)
For *Petius Thrasea's* Death, as if in him,
Vertue her self were murther'd; nor forget they
Agricola (who for his Service done,)
In the reducing *Britany* to Obedience)
They dare affirm to be remov'd with Poison,
And he compell'd to Write you a Cohæir
With his Daughter, that his Testament might stand;
Which else you had made void. Then your much love
To *Julia* your Niece, censur'd as Incest,
And done in scorn of *Titus* your Dead Brother;
But the Divorce *Lamia* was forc'd to Sign
To her, you honour with *Augusta's* Title,
Being only nam'd, they do conclude there was
A *Lucrece* once, a *Collatine*, and a *Brutus*,
But nothing *Roman* left now, but in you
The Lust of *Tarquin*.

Cæs. Yes. His Fire, and Scorn
Of such as think that our unlimited Power
Can be confin'd, dares *Lamia* pretend
An Interest to that which I call mine?
Or but remember she was ever his
That's now in our Possession? Fetch him hither.

The Guard go off.

I'll give him Cause to wish he rather had
Forgot his own Name, than e'er mention'd hers.
Shall we be circumscrib'd? Let such as cannot
By Force make good their Actions, though wicked,
Conceal, excuse or qualify their Crimes:

What our Desires grant leave and privilege to
 Though contradicting all Divine Decrees,
 Or Laws confirm'd by *Romulus*, and *Numa*,
 Shall be held sacred.

Aret. You should else take from
 The Dignity of *Cæsar*,

Cæs. Am I Master
 Of two and thirty Legions, that awe
 All Nations, of the triumphed World,
 Yet tremble at our Frown, yield an Account
 Of what's our Pleasure to a private Man?
Rome perish first, and *Atlas* Shoulders shrink,
 Heav'n's Fabrick fall; the Sun, the Moon, the Stars
 Losing their Light, and comfortable Heat,
 E'er I confess, that any Act of mine
 May be disputed.

Aret. So you preserve your Power,
 As you should equal, an Omnipotent Heir,
 With *Jupiter's* above.

Parthenius *Kneeling*, whispers to *Cæsar*,

Cæs. Thy Suit is granted,
 What e'er it be, *Parthenius*, for thy Service
 Done to *Augusta*. Only so? a Trifle,
 Command him hither. If the Comedy fail
 To cure him, I will minister something to him
 That shall instruct him to forget his Gold,
 And think upon himself.

Parth. May it succeed well
 Since my Intents are Pious,

Exit Parthenius,

Cæs. We are resolv'd
 What Course to take, and therefore, *Aretinus*,
 Inquire no farther. Go you to my Empress,
 And say, I do intreat
 The Musick of her Voice, at yonder Window,
 I will blend

My Cruelty with some Scorn, or else 'tis lost.

Exit Aretinus,

Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling
 With greater Violence; and Hate clothed in Smiles,
 Strikes, and with Horror, Dead, the Wretch that
 comes not

Pre.

The Roman Actor.

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Prepar'd to meet it.

Enter Lamia with the Guard.

Our good *Lamia* Welcom.

So much we owe you for a Benefit

With willingness on your part conferr'd upon us,

That 'tis our Study we that would not live

Ingag'd to any for a Courtesy,

How to return it.

Lam. 'Tis beneath your Fate

To be oblig'd, that in your own Hand grasp

The Means to be magnificent,

Cas. Well put off,

But yet it must not do, the Empire *Lamia*,

Divided equally can hold no weight,

If ballanc'd with your Gift in fair *Domitia*.

You that could part with all Delights at once,

The Magazine of Rich Pleasures, being contain'd

In her Perfections, uncompell'd deliver'd.

As a Present fit for *Casar*. In your Eyes

With Tears of Joy, not Sorrow, 'tis confirm'd

You glory in your Act.

Lam. Derided too!

Sir, this is more - - - -

Cas. More than I can requite,

It is acknowledg'd *Lamia*. There's no Drop

Of melting Nectar I taste from her Lip,

But yields a Touch of Immortality;

Her Discourse so ravishing,

And her Action so attractive,

That I would part with all my other Senses,

Provided I might ever see and hear her.

The Pleasures of her Bed I dare not trust

The Winds or Air with, for that would draw down

In envy of my Happiness, a War,

From all the Gods upon me.

Lam. Your Compassion

To me in your forbearing to insult

On my Calamity, which you make your Sport,

Would more appease those Gods you have provok'd

Than all the blasphemous Comparisons,

You sing unto her Praise.

Cas.

Cas. I sing her Praise?

'Tis far from my Ambition to hope it.

Hark.

Musick above, and a Song.

She does begin. An universal Silence.

Dwell on this Place. 'Tis Death with lingring Torments

To all that dare disturb her. Who can hear this

And not fall down and Worship? Say, *Lamia*, say,

Is not her Voice Angelical?

Lam. To your Ear.

But I alas am silent.

Cas. Be so ever,

That without Admiration canst hear her.

Malice to my Felicity strikes thee dumb,

And in thy Hope, or Wish to repofess

What I love more than Empire, I pronounce thee

Guilty of Treason. Off with his Head. Do you stare?

By her that is my Patroness, *Minerva*,

(Whose Statue I adore of all the Gods)

If he but live to make Reply, thy Life

Shall answer it. My Fears of him are freed now.

The Guard lead off Lamia stopping his Mouth.

Come forth my dearest.

Enter Domitia, usher'd in by Aretinus, her Train born

up by Julius, Cænis, and Domitilla.

Plurality of Husbands shall no more

Breed Doubts or Jealousies in you. 'Tis dispatch'd

And with as little trouble here, as if

I had kil'd a Fly. Now you appear and in

That Glory you deserve, and these that stoop

To do you Service in the Act much honour'd.

Julia forget that *Titus* was thy Father,

Cænis and *Domitilla* ne'er remember

Sabinus or *Vespasian*. To be Slaves

To her, is more true Liberty than to live

Parthian or *Asian* Queens.

(Thus I feat you)

By *Cæsar's* Side. Commanding these that once

Were the adored Glories of the time

To witness to the World they are your Vassals

At your Feet to attend you.

Domit.

The Roman Actor.

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Domit. 'Tis your Pleasure,
And not my Pride. And yet when I consider
That I am yours, all Duties they can pay
I do receive as Circumstances due
To her you please to Honour.

Enter Parthenius with Philargus.

Parth. *Cesar's Will*
Commands you hither, nor must you gain-say it.

Phil. Lose time to see an Interlude? must I pay too
For my Vexation?

Parth. Not in the Court,
It is the Emperor's Charge.

Phil. I shall endure
My Torment then the better.

Ces. Can it be
This sordid thing *Parthenius* is thy Father?
No Actor can express him. I had held
The Fiction to be impossible
Had I not seen the Substance. Come sit still,
And give Attention, if you but nod
You sleep for ever. Let them spare the Prologue,
And all the Ceremonies proper to our self
And come to the last Act, there, where the Cure
By the Doctor is made perfect. The swift Minutes
Seem Years to me *Domitia* that divorce thee
From my Embraces.

Domit. You are wanton?
Pray you forbear. Let me see the Play.

Ces. Begin there.

Enter Paris like a Doctor of Physick, Æsopus. Latinus
brought forth a sleep in a Chair, a Key in his Mouth.

Æsop. O Master Doctor, he is past Recovery,
A Lethargy hath ceas'd him. And however
His Sleep resemble Death, his watchful Care
To guard that Treasure he dares make no use of,
Works strongly in his Soul.

Par. What's that he holds
So fast between his Teeth?

Æsop. The Key that opens
His Iron Chests cram'd with accursed Gold,
Rusty with long Imprisonment. There's no Duty
In

In me his Son, nor Confidence in Friends;
That can perswade him to deliver up
That to the trust of any.

Philarg. He is the Wiser!
We were fashion'd in one Mould.

Æsop. He eats with it,
And when Devotion calls him to the Temple
Of *Mammon*, whom of all the Gods he kneels to
That held thus still, his Orisons are paid;
Nor will he though, the Wealth of *Rome* were pawn'd
For the restoring of it for one short Hour,
Be won to part with it.

Philarg. Still, still myself:
And if like me he love his Gold, no Pawn
Is good Security.

Par. I'll try if I can force it.
It will not be. His avaricious Mind
(Like Men in Rivers drown'd) make him gripe fast
To his last Gasp what he in Life held dearest.
And if that it were possible in Nature,
Would carry it with him to the other World.

Phila. As I would do, rather than leave it behind me.

Æsop. Is he not Dead?

Par. Long since, to all good Actions,
Or to himself, or others, for which Wise Men
Desire to live. You may with Safety pinch him,
Or under his Nails stick Needles, yet he stirs not,
Anxious Fear to lose what his Soul doats on,
Renders his Flesh insensible. We must use
Some Means to rouse the sleeping Faculties
Of his Mind; there lies the Lethargy. Take a Trumpet
And blow it into his Ears, 'tis to no purpose;
The roring Noise of Thunder cannot wake him.
And yet despair not, I have one Trick yet left.

Æsop. What is it?

Par. I will cause a fearful Dream
To steal into his Fancy, and disturb it
With the Horror it brings with it, and so free
His Body's Organs.

Domit. 'Tis a cunning Fellow,
If he were indeed a Doctor, as the Play says,

He

He should be sworn my Servant, govern my Slumbers
And minister to me waking.

Par. If this fail *A Chest brought in.*
I'll give him o'er. So! with all Violence
Rend ope this Iron Chest; for here his Life lies
Bound up in Fetters, and in the Defence
Of what he values higher, 'twill return
And fill each Vein and Artery. Lowder yet,
'Tis open, and already he begins
To stir, mark with what Trouble.

Latinus stretches himself.

Philarg. As you are *Caesar*,
Defend this honest thrifty Man! they are Thieves,
And come to rob him.

Parth. Peace, the Emperor frowns.

Par. So, now power out the Bags upon the Table,
Remove his Jewels, and his Bonds again,
Ring a second golden Peal: his Eyes are open:
He stares as he had seen *Medusa's* Head,
And were turn'd Marble. Once more.

Lat. Murther, murther,
They come to murther me. My Son in the Plot?
Thou worse than Paricide, if it be Death
To strike thy Father's Body, can all Tortures,
The Furies in Hell practice, be sufficient
For thee that dost assassinate my Soul?
My Gold! my Bonds! my Jewels! dost thou envy
My glad Possession of them for a Day?
Extinguishing the Taper of my Life,
Consum'd unto the Snuff?

Par. Seem not to mind him.

Lat. Have I to leave thee rich denied myself
The Joys of human Being? scrap'd and horded
A mass of Treasure, which had *Solon* seen
The *Lidian Cræsus* had appear'd to him
Poor as the Beggar *Irus*. And yet I
Sollicitous to encrease it, when my Intrails
Were cloas'd with keeping a perpetual Fast,
Was Deaf to their loud windy Cries, as *fearing*
Should I disburse one Penny to their Use,
My Heir might curse me. And to save Expence

In outward Ornaments, I did expose
 My naked Body to the Winter's Cold,
 And Summer's scorching Heat. Nay when Diseases
 Grew thick upon me, and a little Cost
 Had purchas'd my Recovery, I chose rather
 To have my Ashes clos'd up in my Urn,
 By hastening on my Fate, than to diminish
 The Gold, my Prodigal Son, while I am living,
 Carelessly scatters.

Æsop. Would you would dispatch and die once,
 Your Ghost should feel in Hell, that is my Slave
 Which was your Master.

Philarg. Out upon thee Varlet.

Par. And what avails then your penurious Thrift
 And self Affliction, when your starv'd Trunk is
 Turn'd to forgotten Dust? This hopeful Youth
 Urines upon your Monument. Ne'er rememb'ring
 How much for him you suffer'd, And then tells
 To the Companions of his Lusts, and Riots,
 The Hell you did endure on Earth to leave him
 Large means to be an *Epicure*, and to feast
 His Senses all at once, a Happiness
 You never granted to your self. Your Gold then
 (Got with Vexation, and preserv'd with trouble)
 Maintains the Publick Stews, Pandars, and Ruffians
 That quaff Damnations to your Memory,
 For living so long here.

Lat. It will be so, I see it.
 O that I could redeem the time that's past,
 I would live, and die like my self; and make true use
 Of what my Industry purchas'd.

Par. Covetous Men,
 Having one Foot in the Grave, lament so ever.
 But grant that I by Art could yet recover
 Your desperate Sickness, lengthen out your Life
 A Score of Years, as I restore your Body
 To perfect Health, will you with Care endeavour
 To rectify your Mind?

Lat. I should so live then
 As neither my Heir should have just Cause to think
 I liv'd too long for being close-handed to him,

Or

Or cruel to my self.

Par. Have your Desires,
Phæbus assisting me, I will repair
The ruin'd Building of your Health, and think not
You have a Son that hates you ; the truth is,
This means with his Consent, I practis'd on you,
To this good end, it being a Device
In you to shew the Cure of *Avarice*.

Exeunt Paris, Latinitis, Æsopus.

Phil. An old Fool to be gul'd thus! had he died,
As I resolve to do, not to be alter'd,
It had gone off twanging.

Cæs. How approve you sweetest,
Of the matter, and the Actors?

Domit. For the Subject,
I like it not, it was filch'd out of *Horace*,
Nay, I have read the Poets, but the Fellow
That play'd the Doctor, did it well, by *Venus*;
He had a tunable Tongue, and neat Delivery,
And yet, in my Opinion, he would perform
A Lover's Part much better. Prithee *Cæsar*
For I grow weary, let us see to-morrow
Iplus and *Anaxerete*.

Cæs. Any thing
For thy Delight, *Domitia*. To your rest
'Till I come to disquiet you. Wait upon her.
There is a Business that I must dispatch
And I will strait be with you.

Exeunt Aretinus, Domitiæ, Julia, Cænis, Domitilla.

Parth. Now, my dread Sir,
Endeavour to prevail.

Cæs. One way or other.
We'll cure him never doubt it. Now *Philargus*
Thou wretched thing, hast thou seen thy sordid
baseness?

And but observ'd what a contemptible Creature
A covetous Miser is? Dost thou in thy self
Feel true Compunction! with a Resolution
To be a new Man?

Philarg. This craz'd Body's *Cæsar's*,
But for my Mind.

Cas. Trifle not with my Anger.

Canst thou make good use of what was now presented?
And immitate in thy suddain change of Life,
The miserable Rich Man, that express'd
What thou art to the Life.

Philarg. Pray you give me leave
To die as I have liv'd. I must not part with
My Gold, it is my Life. I am past Cure.

Cas. No, by *Minerva* thou shalt nevermore
Feel the least touch of Avarice. Take him hence
And hang him instantly. If there be Gold in Hell
Injoy it, thine here and thy Life together
Is forfeited.

Philarg. Was I sent for to this Purpose?

Parth. Mercy for all my Service, *Cesar*, Mercy.

Cas. Should *Jove* plead for him. 'Tis resolv'd he dies.
And he that speaks one sillable to dissuade me,
And therefore tempt me not. It is but Justice.
Since such as wilfully will hourly die,
Must tax themselves, not *Cesar's* Cruelty.

Exeunt omnes.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T. III.

S C E N E, *A Garden of the Palace.*

Enter Julia, Domitilla, Stephanos.

Ful. No *Domitilla*, if you but compare
What I have suffer'd with your Injuries,
(Though great ones! I confess) they will appear
Like Molehills to *Olimpus*.

Domitil. You are tender
Of your own Wounds, which makes you lose the
feeling, And

And Sense of mine. The Incest he committed
With you, and publickly profess'd, in scorn
Of what the World durst censure, may admit
Some weak Defence, as being born headlong to it;
But in a manly Way to enjoy your Beauties.
Besides won by his Perjuries that he would
Salute you with the Title of *Augusta*,
Your faint Denial shew'd a full consent,
And grant to his Temptations. But poor I
That would not yield, but was with Violence forc'd
To serve his Will, and in a kind *Tiberius*
At *Capra* never practic'd, have not here
One conscious Touch to rise up my Accuser,
I in my Will being innocent.

Steph. Pardon me
Great Princesses, though I presume to tell you
Wasting your time in childish Lamentations,
You do degenerate from the Blood, you spring from:
For there is something more in *Rome* expected
From *Titus*' Daughter, and his Uncle's Heir,
Then Womanish Complaints after such Wrongs
Which Mercy cannot Pardon. But you'll say
Your Hands are weak, and should you but attempt
A just Revenge on this inhuman Monster.
This prodigy of Mankind, bloody *Domitian*,
Hath ready Words at his command, as well
As Islands to confine you: to remove.
His Doubts, and Fears, did he but entertain
The least Suspicion you contriv'd or plotted
Against his Person.

Ful. 'Tis true *Stephanos*.
The Legions that sack'd *Jerusalem*
Under my Father *Titus* are sworn his,
And I no more remembered.

Domit. And to lose
Ourselves by building on impossible Hopes,
Were desperate Madness.

Steph. You conclude too fast.
One single Arm, whose Master does condemn
His own Life, holds a full command o'er his,
Spite of his Guards. I was your Bondman Lady,
And

And you my gracious Patroness; my Wealth;
 And Liberty your Gift, and though no Soldier,
 To whom or Custom, or Example makes
 Grim Death appear less terrible, I dare die
 To do you Service in a fair Revenge,
 And it will better suit your Births and Honours
 To fall at once, than to live ever Slaves
 To his proud Empress that insults
 Your patient Sufferings. Say, but you go on,
 And I will reach his Heart, or perish in
 The noble Undertaking.

Domit. Your free Offer-
 Confirms your thankfulness, which I acknowledge
 A Satisfaction for a greater Debt
 Than what you stand engaged for: but I must not
 Upon uncertain Grounds hazard so grateful,
 And good a Servant. The immortal Powers
 Protect a Prince though sold to impious Acts,
 And seem to slumber 'till his roaring Crimes
 Awake their Justice: but then looking down
 And with impartial Eyes, on his contempt
 Of all Religion, and Moral Goodness,
 They in their secret Judgments do determine
 To leave him to his Wickedness, which sinks him
 When he is most secure.

Jul. His Cruelty
 Increasing daily, of Necessity
 Must render him as odious to his Soldiers,
 Familiar Friends, and Freemen, as it hath done
 Already to the Senate; then forsaken
 Of his Supporters, and grown terrible
 Ev'n to himself, and her, he now so dotes on,
 We may put ~~it~~ into a Act, what now with Safety
 We cannot whisper.

Steph. I am still prepar'd
 To execute when you please to command me:
 Since I am confident he deserves much more
 That vindicates his Country from a Tyrant,
 Than he that saves a Citizen.

Jul. O here's *Canis*.

Enter Canis.

Domitil. Whence come you?

Canis.

Can. From the Empress who seems mov'd
In that you wait no better, Her Pride's grown
To such a height that she disdains the Service
Of her own Women; and esteems her self
Neglected, when the Princesses of the Blood,
On every course imployment, are not ready
To stoop to her Commands.

Domitil. Where is her Greatness?

Can. Where you would little think she could ~~de~~
descend

To grace the Room or Persons,

Ful. Speak; where is she;

Can. Among the Players, where all State laid by;
She does enquire who acts this part, who that;
And in what Habits? Blames the Tire-women
For want of curious Dressings; and so taken,
She is with *Paris* the Tragedian's Shape,
That is to act a Lover, I thought once
She would have courted him.

Domitil. In the mean time
How spends the Emperor his Hours?

Can. As ever

He hath done heretofore, in being cruel
To innocent Men, whose Vertues he call Crimes;
And but this Morning, if't be possible,
He hath outgone himself, having condemn'd
At *Aretinus* his Informer's Suit,
Palphurius Sura, and good *Junius Rusticus*,
Men of the best Repute in *Rome* for their
Integrity of Life; no Fault objected,
But that they did lament his cruel Sentence
On *Patus Thracea* the Philosopher,
Their Patron and Instructor.

Steph. Can *Jove* see this
And hold his Thunder!

Domitil. *Nero* and *Caligula*
Commanded only Mischiefs, but our *Cesar*
Delights to see 'em.

Ful. What we cannot help,
We may deplore with Silence.

Can. We are call'd for

By

By our proud Mistress.

Domit. We a while must suffer.

Steph. It is true Fortitude to stand firm against
All Shocks of Fate, while Cowards faint and dye
In Fear to suffer more Calamity.

Exeunt.

SCENE, The Palace.

Enter Cæsar, Parthenius.

Cæs. Are they then in Fetters?

Parth. Yes Sir. But - - -

Cæs. But, What?

I'll have thy Thoughts. Deliver them.

Parth. I shall Sir.

But still submitting to your God-like Pleasure,
Which cannot be instructed?

Cæs. To the Point.

Parth. Nor let your sacred Majesty believe
Your Vassal, that with dry Eyes look'd upon
His Father drag'd to Death by your command,
Can pity these, that durst presume to censure
What you decreed.

Cæs. Well. Forward.

Parth. 'Tis my Zeal

Still to preserve your Clemency admir'd,
Temper'd with Justice, that emboldens me
To offer my Advice. Alas, I know Sir,
These Bookmen, *Rusticus*, and *Palphurius Sura*,
Deserve all Tortures. Yet in my Opinion,
They being popular Senators, and cried up
With loud Applauses of the Multitude,
For foolish Honesty, and beggerly Vertue,
T'would relish more of Policy to have them
Made away in private, with what exquisite Torments
You please, it skills not, than to have them drawn
To the Decrees in Publick; for 'tis doubted
That the sad Object may beget Compassion
In the giddy Rout, and cause some sudden Uproar
That may disturb you.

Cæs.

Cas. Hence pale spirited Coward
Can we descend so far beneath our self
To court the People's Love, or fear
Their worth of Hate?
Bring forth those condemn'd Wretches; let me see
One Man so lost, as but to pity 'em,
And though there lay a Hecatomb of Souls
Imprison'd in his Flesh, my Executioner's Hooks
Should rend it off and give 'em liberty.
Cesar hath said it.

Exit Parthenius.

Enter Parthenius, Aretinus, and the Guard, Executioners, dragging in Junius Rusticus, and Palphurius Sura, bound Back to Back.

Aret. 'Tis great *Cesar's* Pleasure,
That with fix'd Eyes, you carefully observe
The People's Looks. Charge upon any Man
That with a Sigh, or Murmur does express
A seeming Sorrow for these Traytor's Deaths,
You know his Will, perform it.

Cas. A good Blood-hound,
And fit for my Employments.

Sur. Give us leave
To die, fell Tyranny.

Rust. For beyond our Bodies
Thou hast no Power.

Cas. Yes, I'll afflict your Souls.
And force them groaning to the *Strigian Lake*,
Prepar'd for such to howl in, that blaspheme
The Power of Princes, that are Gods on Earth;
Tremble to think how terrible the Dream is
After this Sleep of Death.

Rust. To guilty Men
It may bring Terror, not to us, that know
What 'tis to die, well taught by his Example,
For whom we suffer. In my Thought I see
The Substance of that pure untainted Soul
Of *Thraceas* our Master made a Star,
That with melodious Harmony invites us
(Leaving his Dunghil *Rome*, made Hell by thee,)
To trace his heavenly Steps, and fill a Sphear
Above yon Chrystal Canopy.

Cas. Do, invoke him
With all the Aids his Sanctity of Life
Have won on the Rewarders of his Vertue,
They shall not save you. Dogs do you Grin? Torment 'em.

The Executioners tormenting 'em, they still smiling.
Again, again. You trifle. Not a Groan,
Is my rage lost? What cursed Charms defend 'em!
Search deeper Villains. Who looks pale? or thinks
That I am cruel?

Aret. Over merciful.

'Tis all your Weakness Sir.

Parth. I dare not show
A Sign of Sorrow, yet my Sinews shrink
The Spectacle is so horrid. *Aside.*

Cas. I was never
O'ercome till now. For my sake groan a little,
And show you are corporeal, and not turn'd
Aerial Spirits. Will it not do. By *Pallas*
It is unkindly done to mock his Fury
Whom the World stiles Omnipotent. I am tortur'd
In their want of feeling Torments.
Are they not dead?
If not, we wash an *Aethiops*.

Sur. No, we live.

Rust. Live to deride thee, our calm Patience treading
Upon the Neck of Tyranny. That securely,
(As 'twere a gentle Slumber,) we indure
Thy studied Tortures, it is a Debt
We owe to grave Philosophy, that instructs us
The Flesh is but the cloathing of the Soul,
Which growing out of Fashion, though it be
Cast off, or Rent, or Torn, like ours, 'tis then,
Being it self Divine, in her best Luster.

Cas. We will hear no more.

Rust. This only, and give thee Warning of it,
Though it is in thy Will to grind this Earth,
As small as *Atoms*,
They shall seem recollected to thy Sense,
And when the sandy Building of thy Greatness,
Shall with its own Weight totter; look to see me

As

As I was Yesterday, in my perfect Shape,
For I'll appear in horror.

Cas. By my shaking
I am the Guilty Man, and not the Judge.
Drag from my Sight, these cursed ominous Wizards;
I'll mock Fate.

Exeunt Executioners with Rusticus and Sura.
Shall Words fright him, victorious Armies circle?
No, no, the Fever does begin to leave me.

Enter Domitia, Julia, Cænis. Stephanos following.
Or were it deadly, from this living Fountain
I could renue the Vigor of my Youth,
And be a second *Verbius*. O my Glory!
My Life! command my all!

Embracing and kissing mutually.

Domit. I heard you were sad; I have prepar'd you
sport

Will banish Melancholly. Sirrah, *Cesar*,
(I hug my self for't) I have been instructing
The Players how to act, and to cut off
All tedious Impertinency, have contracted
The Tragedy, into one continued Scene.
I have the Art oft, and am taken more
With my Ability that way, than all Knowledge
I have but of thy Love.

Cas. Thou art
The sweetest, wittiest - - -

Domit. I thank your good Opinion. Thou shalt see
Such an *Iphis* of thy *Paris*, and to humble
The Pride of *Domitilla* that neglects me
(Tho' she is your Cousin) I have forc'd her
To play the Part of *Anaxerete*.
You are not offended with it?

Cas. Any thing
That does content thee yields delight to me.
My Faculties; and Powers are thine.

Domit. I thank you,
Prithee let's take our Places: Bid'em enter

After a short flourish enter Paris as Iphis.
Without more Circumstance, how do you like
That Shape? methinks it is most futable

To the Aspect of a despairing Lover.
The seeming late fallen, counterfeited Tears
That hang upon his Cheeks, was my Device.

Ces. And all was excellent.

Domit. Now hear him speak.

Par. That she is fair,
Or descended nobly,
Or Rich, or Fortunate, are certain Truths
In which poor *Iphis* glories. But that these
Perfections, in no other Virgin found,
Abus'd, should nourish Cruelty and Pride,
In the divinest *Anaxarete*,
Is, to my love-sick languishing Soul, a Riddle,
And with more difficulty to be dissolv'd,
Than that, the Monster *Sphinx* from the steep Rock
Offer'd to *Oedipus*. Imperious Love,
As at thy everflaming Altars *Iphis*
Thy never tired Votary hath presented
With scalding Tears whole Hecatombs of Sighs,
Preferring thy Power, and thy *Paphian* Mothers,
Before the Thunderers, *Neptune's*, or *Pluto's*
(That after *Saturn* did divide the World
And had the sway of things) yet were compell'd
By thy inevitable Shafts to yield
And fight under thy Ensigns, be auspicious
To this last Tryal of my Sacrifice
Of Love, and Service.

Domit. Does he not act it rarely?
Observe with what a feeling he delivers
His Orisons to *Cupid*; I am rap'd with't.

Par. And from thy never emptied quiver take
A golden Arrow, to transfix her Heart,
And force her Love like me, or cure my Wound
With a leaden one, that may beget in me
Hate and forgetfulness, of what's now my Idol.
Oh! no! Let me call back my Prayer, I have Blam'd
phemed

In my rash Wish. 'Tis I that am unworthy,
But she all merit, and may in Justice challenge
From the Assurance of her Excellencies,
Not only Love but Adoration. Yet bear Witness

All knowing Powers, I bring along with me
As faithful Advocates to make Intercession
A loyal Heart, with pure and holy Flames
With the foul Fires of Lust never polluted.
And as I touch her Threshold (which with Tears
My Limbs benumb'd with cold, I oft have wash'd)
With my glad Lips, I kiss this Earth grown proud
With frequent Favours from her gentle Feet.

Domit. By *Cesar's* Life he weeps. And I
Can ill forbear to keep him Company.

Par. Blest Ground, thy Pardon
If I prophane it with forbidden Steps.
I must presume to knock, and yet attempt it
With such a trembling Reverence as if
My Hands held up, for Expiation
To the incens'd Gods to spare a Kingdom.
Within there, ho? something Divine come forth
To a distressed Mortal.

Enter Latinus as a Porter.

Lat. Ha! Who knocks there?

Domit. What a churlish Look this Knave has

Lat. Is't you Sirrah,

Are you come to pale and whine? avaunt, and quickly.
Dogwhips shall drive you hence else.

Domit. Churlish Devil.

Cas. 'Tis in jest *Domitia*.

Domit. I do not like such jesting, if he were not
A flinty hearted Slave, he could not use
One of his Form so harshly.

Cas. 'Tis his Part:
Let 'em proceed.

Domit. A Rogues Part, will ne'er leave him.

Par. As you have gentle Sir, the Happiness
(When you please) to behold the Figure of
The Master-piece of Nature, limn'd to the Life,
In more than human *Anaxerete*,
Scorn not your Servant, that with suppliant Hands
Takes hold upon your Knees, conjuring you
As you are a Man, and did not suck the Milk
Of Wolves, and Tigers, or a Mother of
A tougher Temper, use some means these Eyes

Before

Before they are wept out, may see your Lady?
Will you be gracious Sir?

Lat. Though I lose my place for't
I can hold out no longer.

Domit. Now he melts
There is some little hope he may die honest!

Enter Domitilla for Anaxerete.
Lat. Madam.

Domitil. Who calls? what Object have we here?

Domit. Your Cousin keeps her proud State still;
think

I have fitted her for a Part.

Domitil. Did I not charge thee
I ne'er might see this thing more?

Par. I am indeed
What thing you please, a Worm that you may tread on;
Lower I cannot fall to shew my Duty,

Till your disdain hath dig'd a Grave to cover
This Body with forgotten Dust, and when
I know your Sentence, cruelest of Women,
I'll by a willing Death, remove the Object
That is an Eyesore to you.

Domitil. Wretch thou darst not.
That were the last, and greatest Service to me
Thy doting Love could boast of. What dull Fool
But thou could nourish any flattering Hope,
One of my Height, in Youth, in Birth and Fortune,
Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness?
Much less consent to make my Lord of one
I would not accept, though offered for my Slave;
My Thoughts stoop not so low.

Domit. There's her true Nature,
No personated Scorn.

Domitil. I wrong my Worth,
Or to exchange a Syllable or Look,
With one so far beneath me.

Par. Yet take heed,
Take heed of Pride, and curiously consider
How brittle the Foundation is, on which
You labour to advance it. *Niobe*
Proud of her numerous Issue durst Contemn

Latona's double Burthen, but what follow'd?
She was left a childless Mother, and mourn'd to Marble,
The Beauty you o'er-prize so, time, or sickness
Can change to loth'd Deformity, Your Wealth,
The prey of Thieves; Queen *Hecuba* Troy fir'd
Ulysses Bond-woman. But the love I bring you
Nor time, nor Sickness, Violence, nor Fate,
Can ravish from you.

Domit. Could the Oracle
Give better Counsel.

Par. Say, will you relent yet?
Revoking your Decree that I should die?
Or shall I do what you command? resolve
I am impatient of Delay.

Domitil. Dispatch then,
I shall look on your Tragedy unmov'd,
Peradventure laugh at it, for it will prove
A Comedy to me.

Domit. O Devil! Devil!

Par. Then thus I take my last leave. All the Curses
Of Lovers fall upon you; and hereafter,
When any Man like me contemn'd, shall study
In the anguish of his Soul to give a Name
To a scornful cruel Mistress, let him only
Say this most bloody Woman is to me,
As *Anaxerete* was to wretched *Iphis*.

Now feast your tyrannous Mind, and glory in
The Ruins you have made: for *Hymen's* Bands
That should have made us one, this fatal Dagger
For ever shall divorce us.

Domit. Not for the World.
Restrain him as you love your Lives.

Cæs. Why are you
Transported thus *Domitia*? 'tis a Play,
Or grant it serious, it in no part merits
This Passion in you.

Par. I ne'er purpos'd, Madam,
To do the Deed in earnest, though I bow
To your Care, and tenderness of me.

Domit. Let me, Sir,
Intreat your Pardon, what I saw presented

Carried

Carried me beyond my self.

Cas. To your place again,
And see what follows.

Domit. No, I am familiar
With the Conclusion, besides, upon the sudden
I feel my self much indispos'd.

Cas. To Bed then,
I'll be thy Doctor.

Areo. There is something more
In this than Passion, which I must find out,
Or my intelligence freezes.

Domit. Come to me, *Paris*,
To morrow, for your Reward,

Steph. Patroness hear me,
Will you not call for your Share? sit down with this,
And the next Action, like a *Gaditane* Strumpet,
I shall look to see you tumble.

Domit. No more!
I that have suffer'd, greater Wrongs can bear
With Patience, since Revenge is all my Care.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, An Apartment in the Palace,

Enter *Parthienius*, *Julia*, *Domitilla*, *Conis*.

Parth. Why, 'tis impossible *Paris*?

Jul. You observ'd not

(As it appears) the Violence of her Passion,
When personating *Iphis*, he pretended
(For your Contempt fair *Anaxerete*)
To hang himself.

Parth. Yes, yes, I noted that;
But never could imagin it could work her

To such a strange intemperance of Affection,
As to dote on him, and blow I would have

Domit. By my Hopes I think not
That she respects, though all here saw, and mark'd it;
Presuming she can mould the Emperor's Will
Into what Form she likes, though we, and all
Th' Informers of the World conspir'd to cross it.

Can. Then with what eagerness this morning urging
The want of Health, and Rest, she did intreat
Cesar to leave her.

Domit. Who, no sooner absent
But she calls *Dwarf*. (so in her Scorn she styles me)
Put on my Pantofles, fetch Bed and Paper,
I am to write, and with distracted Looks,
All undrest, impatient of so short Delay,
As but to have a Mantle thrown upon her,
She seal'd I know not what, but 'twas Indors'd
To my lov'd *Paris*.

Jul. Add to this I heard her
Say, when a Page receiv'd it, let him wait me
And carefully in the Walk, call'd out retreat,
Where *Cesar* in his Fear to give Offence;
Unsent for never enters.

Parth. This being certain'd
(For these are more than jealous Suppositions)
Why do not you that are so near in Blood
Discover it?

Domit. Alas you know we dare not;
'Twill be receiv'd for a malicious Practice
To free us from that Slavery, which her Pride
Imposes on us. But if you would please
To break the Ice, on pain to be sunk ever
We would avert it.

Parth. I would second you,
But that I am commanded with all speed
To fetch in *Afcletario* the *Chaldean*,
Who in his Absence is condemn'd of Treason
For calculating the Nativity
Of *Cesar*, with all Confidence fore-telling
In every Circumstance when he shall die

A violent Death. Yet if you could approve
 Of my Directions I would have you speak
 As much to *Aretinus*, as you have
 To me deliver'd. He in his own Nature
 Being a Spy, on weaker Grounds no doubt
 Will undertake it, not for goodness sake
 (With which he never yet held Correspondence)
 But to endear his vigilant Observings
 Of what concerns the Emperor, and a little
 To triumph in the Ruins of this *Paris*,
 That cross'd him in the Senate-house. Here he comes

Enter Aretinus.

His Nose held up, he hath something in the Wind,
 Or I much err already. My Designs
 Command me hence great Ladies, but I leave
 My Wishes with you. *Exit Parthenius.*

Aret. Have I caught your Greatness
 In the Trap, my proud *Augusta*?

Domit. Wat is't raps him?

Aret. And my fine *Roman Actor*? its even so?
 No courser Dish to take your wanton Palate,
 Save that which, but the Emperor, none durst tast of?
 'Tis very well. I needs must glory in
 This rare Discovery, but the Rewards
 Of my Intelligence, bid me think even now,
 By an Edict from *Cesar* I have Power,
 To tread upon the Neck of Slavish *Rome*,
 Disposing Offices and Provinces,
 To my Kinsmen, Friends and Clients.

Domit. This is more
 Than usual with him.

Ful. Aretinus?

Aret. How?

No more Respect and Reverence tender'd to me
 But *Aretinus*! 'tis confess'd that Title
 When you were Princesses, and commanded all
 Had been a Favour; but being as you are
 Vassals to a Proud Woman, the worst Bondage,
 You stand oblig'd with as much Adoration
 To entertain him, that comes arm'd with Strength,

To

To break your Fetters as tan'd Gally-Slaves
Pay such as do redeem them from the Oar :
I come not to intrap you, but aloud
Pronounce that you are manumiz'd, and to make
Your Liberty sweeter, you shall see her fall,
(This Empress, this *Domitia*, what you will)
That triumph'd in your Miseries.

Domit. Were you serious
To prove your Accusation, I could lend
Some help.

Can. And I,

Jul. And I.

Aret. My Eyes, and Ears are every where, I know
all.

To the Line and Action in the Play that took her ;
Her quick Dissimulation to excuse
Her being transported, with her Morning Passion ;
I brib'd the Boy that did convey the Letter,
And having perus'd it, made it up again :
Your Griefs, and Angers, are to me familiar ;
That *Paris* is brought to her, and how far
He shall be tempted.

Domit. This is above Wonder.

Aret. My Gold can work much stranger Miracles
Than to corrupt poor Waiters. Here joyn with me
'Tis a Complaint to *Cæsar*. This is that
Shall ruin her, and raise you. Have you set your
Hands

To the Accusation.

Jul. And will justify
What we have subscrib'd to.

Can. And with Vehemency.

Domit. I will deliver it.

Aret. Leave the rest to me then.

Enter Cæsar with his Guard.

Cæs. Let our Lieutenants bring us Victory,
While we enjoy the Fruits of Peace at Home,
And being secur'd from our intestine Foes,
Far worse than foreign Enemies,
Though all the Sky were hung with blazing Meteors,

Which fond Astrologers give out to break your head
 Assur'd Presages of the change of Empires;
 And Deaths of Monarchs; we undaunted yet
 Guarded with our own Thunder, bid Defiance,
 To them, and Fate, we being too strongly arm'd
 For them to wound us.

Aret. Caesar.

Ful. As thou art
 More than a Man.

Can. Let not thy Passions be
 Rebellious to thy Reason.

The Petition deliver'd.

Domit. But receive
 This Tryal of your Constancy, as unmov'd
 As you go to, or from the Capitol,
 Thanks given to *Jove* for Triumphs?

Caes. Ha!

Domit. Vouchsafe
 A while to stay the lightning of your Eyes,
 Poor Mortals dare not look on.

Aret. There's no Vein
 Of Yours, that rises high with Rage, but is
 An Earthquake to us.

Domit. And if not kept clos'd,
 With more than Human Patience, in a Moment
 Will swallow us to the Center.

Can. Not that we
 Repine to serve her, are we her Accusers.

Ful. But that she's fallen so low.

Aret. Which on sure Proofs
 We can make good.

Domitil. And show she is unworthy
 Of the least Spark of that Diviner Fire
 You have confer'd upon her.

Caes. I stand doubtful,
 And unresolv'd what to determin of you.
 Can I believe

That

That she, that borrows all her Light from me,
Would betray her Darkness
To your Intelligence,
Which by her Perturbations in a Play,
Was Yesterday but doubted and find none,
To you that are her Slaves,
Or *Aretinus* whom long since she knew
To be the Cabinet Councilor, nay the Key
Of *Cesar's* Secrets? could her Beauty raise her
To this unequal'd Height to make her fall
The more remarkable? or must my Desires
To her, and Wrongs to *Lamia* be reveng'd
By her, leaving
Our imperial Bed, to court
A Publick Actor?

Aret. Who dares contradict
These more than Human Reasons, that have Power
To close base Guilt, in the most glorious Shape
Of Innocence?

Domit. Too well she knew the Strength
And Eloquence of her Patron to defend her,
And thereupon presuming fell securely,
Not fearing an Accuser, nor the Truth,
Produc'd against her, which your Love and Favour
Will ne'er discern from Falshood.

Cas. I'll hear no more!
You have rais'd
A fiercer War within me by this Fable,
(Though with your Lives you vow to make it Good)
Then if, and at one Instant all my Legions
Revolted, and came arm'd against me.
Here in this Paper are the Swords predestin'd
For my Destruction; here the fatal Stars
That threaten more than Ruin; this is the Death's
Head

That does assure me, if she can prove false
That I am mortal. Lead on Monsters,
And by the forfeit of your Lives confirm
She is all Excellence, as you all Baseness,

Or

Or let Mankind for her Fall, boldly swear
There are no chaste Wives now, nor ever were.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE II.

Enter Domitia, Paris, Servants.

Domit. Say we command, that none presume to dare
On forfeit of our Favour, that is Life,
Out of a sawcy curiousness to stand
Within the Distance of their Eyes, or Ears,
Till we please to be waited on. And Sirrah,

Exeunt Servants.

Howe'er you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant Opinion,
'Tis done to grace you.

Par. With my humblest Service,
I but obey your Summons, and should blush else
To be so near you.

Domit. 'Twould become you rather
To fear the greatness of the Grace vouchsaf'd you
May overwhelm you, and 'twill do no less,
If when you are rewarded, in your Cups
You boast this Privacy.

Par. That were mightiest Empress,
To play with Light'ning.

Domit. You conceive it right.
The means to kill or save, is not alone
In *Cesar* circumscrib'd, for if intens'd,
We have our Thunder too, that strikes as deadly.

Par. 'Twould ill become the lowness of my Fortune,
To question what you can do, but without
Humility to attend what is your Will,
And then to serve it.

Domit. And would not a Secret
(Suppose we should commit it to your Trust)
Scald you to keep it?

Par. Though it rag'd within me
'Till I turn'd Cinders, it should ne'er have vent.

To

To be an Age a dying, and with Torture
Only to be thought worthy of your Council,
Or actuate what you command to me
A wretched obscure thing, not worth your Knowledge,
Were a perpetual Happiness.

Domit. We could wish
That we could credit thee, and cannot find
In reason but that thou whom oft I have seen
To personate a Gentleman, Noble, Wise,
Faithful, and Gainsome, and what Vertues else
The Poet pleases to adorn you with
(But that as Vessels still partake the Odour
Of the sweet pretious Liquors they contain'd)
Thou must be really in some degree
The thing thou dost present. Nay do not tremble,
We seriously believe it, and presume
Our *Paris* is the Volume in which all
Those excellent Gifts the Stage has seen him grac'd with
Are curiously bound up.

Par. The Argument
Is the same great *Augusta*, that I acting,
A Fool, a Coward, a Traitor, or cold Cinick,
Or any other weak and vitious Person
Of force I must be such. O gracious Madam,
How glorious soever, or deform'd,
I do appear in the Scene, my Part being ended,
And all my borrowed Ornaments put off,
I am no more, nor less than what I was
Before I enter'd.

Domit. Come you would put on
A wilful Ignorance, and not understand,
What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain Language,
Against the decent Modesty of our Sex,
Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee,
Or that in our Desires thou art preferr'd,
And *Cesar* but thy Second? thou in Justice
If from the height of Majesty we can,
(Look down upon thy lowness and embrace it,)
Art bound with Fervour to look up to me.

Par.

Par. O Madam, hear me with a patient Ear
 And be but pleas'd to understand the Reasons
 That do deter me from a Happiness
 Kings would be Rivals for. Can I that owe,
 My Life, and all thats mine to *Cæsar's* Bounties
 Beyond my Hopes, or Merits shew'd upon me,
 Make Payment for them with Ingratitude,
 Falshood, and Treason? Though you have a Shape
 Might tempt *Hippolytus*, and larger Power
 To help, or hurt, than wanton *Bhebe* had,
 Let Loyalty and Duty plead my Pardon
 Though I refuse to satisfy.

Domit. You are coy, expecting I should court you, let these Ladies
 Use Prayers, and Intreaties to their Creatures
 To rise up Instruments to serve their Pleasures;
 But for *Augusta* so to lose her self
 That holds command o'er *Cæsar*, and the World
 Were poverty of Spirit. Thou must, thou shalt
 The violence of my Passions know no mean,
 And in my Punishments, and my Rewards,
 I'll use no Moderation, take this only
 As a Caution from me. Thread-bare Chastity,
 Is poor in the advancement of her Servants
 But wantonness magnificent; and 'tis frequent
 To have the Salary of Vice weigh down
 The Pay of Vertue. So without more trifling
 Thy suddain Answer.

Par. In what a Straight am I brought in!
 Alas, I know that the Denial's Death
 Nor can my Grant discover'd threaten more.
 Yet to die innocent, and have the Glory
 For all Posterity to report that I
 Refus'd an Empress to preserve my Faith
 To my great Master, in true Judgment must
 Show fairer than to buy a guilty Life,
 With Wealth and Honours. 'Tis the base I build on,
 I dare not, must not, will not.

Domit. How contemn'd?
 Since Hopes, nor Fears in the Extreame prevail not.

I must

I must use a mean. Think who 'tis sues to thee
Deny not that yet which a Brother may
Grant to his Sister : as a Testimony

Cæsar, Aretinus, Julia, Domitilla, Cænis, *above*.
I am not scorn'd. Kiss me. Kiss me again.
Kiss closer. Thou art now my Trojan Paris,
And I thy Helen.

Par. Since it is your will.

Cæs. And I am Menelaus. But I shall be
Cæsar descends.

Something, I know not yet.

Domit. Why lose we Time
And Opportunity. These are but Sallads
To sharpen Appetite.

Cæs. While *Amphitrio*
Stands by, and draws the Curtains.

Par. Oh? - - - *Falls on his Face.*

Domit. Betray'd?

Cæs. To thy Shame :
What shall I name thee?
Ingrateful, Treacherous, Insatiate, all
Invectives, which in bitterness of Spirit
Wrong'd Men have breath'd out against wicked Wo-
men,

Cannot express thee, have I rais'd thee from
Thy low Condition to the height of Greatness
Command and Majesty :

Did I force these

Of my own Blood, as Handmaids to kneel to
Thy Pomp, and Pride, having my self no Thought
But how with Benefits to bind thee mine ;
And am I thus rewarded ? not a Knee ?
Nor Tear, nor sign of Sorrow for thy Fault ?
What canst thou alledge
To stay my Vengeance ?

Domit. This. Thy lawless Flame seduc'd my Love
A Captive to thy boundless Power :
But while my Love was free to chuse,
I fix'd my Heart on Paris,
And gave him in that Heart a Throne
Which vain *Domitian* could not Merit.

Cas. O Impudence ! take her hence,
And give her all the Tortures that
Flesh can bear. Yet, stay. What Power
Her Beauty still holds o'er my Soul.

By *Minerva*,
If I look on her longer. I shall melt
And sue to her.

Carry her to her Chamber,
Be that her Prison till in cooler Blood
I shall determin of her.

Exit with Domitia.

Aret. Now step I in
While he's in this calm Mood for my Reward.
Sir, if my Service hath deserv'd.

Cas. Yes, Yes.
And I'll reward thee, thou hast rob'd me of
All Rest and Peace, and been the principal Means
To make me know that, which if again

Enter Guard.

I could be ignorant of ; I would purchase it
With the loss of Empire ; strangle him, take these
hence too ;

And lodge them in the Dungeon.
Away with 'em, stop their Mouths,
I will hear no reply, O *Paris*. *Paris*

Exeunt Guard, Aretinus, Julia, Cænis, Domitilla.
How shall I argue ? how begin,
To make thee understand before I kill thee,
With what Grief and Unwillingness 'tis forc'd from me ?
Yet in respect I have favour'd thee. I will hear
What thou canst speak to qualify, or excuse
Thy readyness to serve this Woman's fond Desire,
And wish thou couldst give me such Satisfaction
As I might bury the Remembrance of it ;
Look up. We stand attentive.

Par. O dread *Cesar*,
To hope for Life, or plead in the Defence
Of my Ingratitude, were again to wrong you.
I know I have deserv'd Death. And my Suit is
That you would hasten it : yet that your Highness
When I am dead (as sure I will not live)

May

May pardon me, I'll only urge my Frailty,
Her Will, and the Temptation of that Beauty
Which you could not resist. How cou'd poor I then
Fly that which follow'd me, and *Cesar* su'd for?
This is all. And now your Sentence.

Cas. Which I know not
How to pronounce, O that thy Fault had been
But such as I might pardon; if thou hadst
In wantonness (like *Nero*) fir'd proud *Rome*
Betray'd an Army, butcher'd the whole Senate,
Committed Sacrilege, or any Crime
The Justice of our *Roman* Laws calls Death,
I had prevented any Intercession,
And freely sign'd thy Pardon.

Par. But for this
Alas you cannot, nay, you must not Sir,
Nor let it to Posterity be recorded
That *Cesar* unreveng'd, suffer'd a Wrong,
Which if a private Man should sit down with it
Cowards would baffle him.

Cas. With such true feeling
Thou arguest against thy self, that it
Works more upon me, than if my *Minerva*
(The grand Protectress of my Life, and Empire,)
On forfeit of her Favour, cry'd aloud
Cesar show Mercy.
Rise. I'll promise nothing,
Yet clear thy cloudy Fears, and cherish Hopes
What we must do, we shall do; we remember
A Tragedy, we oft have seen with Pleasure
Call'd, the *False Servant*.

Par. Such a one we have Sir.

Cas. In which a great Lord takes to his Protection
A Man forlorn, giving him ample Power
To order, and dispose of his Estate
In his absence, he pretending then a Journey.
But yet with this restraint that on no Terms
(This Lord suspecting his Wives Constancy,
She having play'd false to a former Husband)
The Servant, though solicited, should consent

Though she commanded him to quench her Flames,
That was indeed the Argument.

Cas. And what,
Didst thou play in it?

Par. The false Servant Sir.

Cas. Thou didst indeed. Do the Players wait without?

Par. They do Sir, and prepar'd to act the Story
Your Majesty mention'd.

Cal. Call 'em in. Who presents
The injur'd Lord?

Enter Æsopus, Latinus, a Boy dress'd for a Lady.

Æsop. 'Tis my part Sir.

Cas. Thou didst not
Do it to the Life. We can perform it better.
Off with my Robe, and Wreath, since *Nero* scorn'd not
The Publick Theatre, we in private may
Divert our selves. This Cloak, and Hat without
Wearing a Beard, or other Property
Will fit the Person.

Æsop. Only Sir a Foile
The Point, and Edge rebutted, when you act
To do the Murther. If you please to use this
And lay aside your own Sword.

Cas. By no means.
In Jest nor Earneſt this parts never from me.
We'll have but one ſhort Scene. That where the
Lady

In an imperious way commands the Servant
To be unthankful to his Patron, when
My Cue's to enter, prompt me, nay, begin
And do it ſprightly, though but a new Actor,
When I come to Execution, you ſhall find
No cauſe to laugh at me.

Lat. In the Name of Wonder
What's *Cæſar's* purpoſe?

Æsop. There is no contending.

Cas. Why, when?

Par. I am arm'd,
And ſtood grim Death now within my View and his
Unevitable Dart aim'd at my Breſt

His cold Embraces should not bring an Ague
To any of my Faculties, 'till his Pleasures
Were serv'd, and satisfied, which done *Nestor's* Years,
To me would be unwelcom.

Boy. Must we intreat,
That were born to command, or court a Servant
(That pws his Food and Cloathing to our Bounty)
For that, which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for?
Urge not in thy Excuse the Favours of
Thy absent Lord, or that thou standst engag'd
For thy Life to his Charity; nor thy Fears
Of what may follow, it being in my power
To mould him any way.

Par. As you may me,
In what his Reputation is not wounded,
Nor I his Creature in my thankfulness suffer.
I know you are Young, and Fair, be Virtuous too
And loyal to his Bed, that hath advanc'd you
To th' height of Happiness.

Boy. Can my love-sick Heart
Be cur'd with Counsel? Or durst Reason ever
Offer to put in an exploded Plea
In the Court of *Venus*. My Desires admit not
The least delay. And therefore instantly
Give me to understand what I shall trust to.
For if I am refus'd, and not enjoy
Those ravishing Pleasures from thee, I run mad for;
I'll swear unto my Lord at his return
(Making what I deliver good with Tears)
That brutishly thou wouldst have forc'd from me
What I make suit for. And then but imagine
What 'tis to die with these Words, Slave and Traytor,
With burning Corrosives writ upon thy Forehead,
And live prepar'd for't.

Par. This he will believe
Upon her Information. 'Tis apparent,
And then I am nothing. And of two Extreame,
Wisdom says, chuse the less. Rather than fall
Under your Indignation, I will yield

This

This Kiss, and this confirms it.

Æsop. Now, Sir, now.

Cæs. I must take them at it:

Æsop. Yes Sir, be but perfect.

Cæs. O Villain! thankless Villain! I should talk now;
But I have forgot my Part. But I can do,
Thus, thus, and thus. *Kills Paris.*

Par. Oh, I am slain in earnest.

Cæs. 'Tis true, and 'twas my purpose my good *Paris*,
And yet before Life leave thee, let the Honour
I have done thee in thy Death bring Comfort to thee
If it had been within the Power of *Cæsar*,
His Dignity preserv'd, he had pardon'd thee,
But Cruelty of Honour did deny it.
Yet, to confirm I lov'd thee, 'twas my Study
To make thy End more glorious to distinguish
My *Paris* from all others, and in that
Have shown my Pity. Nor would I let thee fall
By a Centurions Sword,
But as thou didst live
Romes bravest Actor, 'twas my Plot that thou
Shouldst die in Action, and to crown it, die
With an applause
By our imperial Hand. His Soul is freed
From the Prison of his Flesh, let it mount upward,
And for this Trunck, when that the funeral Pile
Hath made it Ashes, we'll see it inclos'd
In a golden Urn. Poets adorn his Herse,
The Stage for ever mourn him, and all such as were
His glad Spectators weep his sudden Death,
The Cause forgotten in his Epitaph. *Exeunt.*

*A sad Musick, the Players bearing off Paris's Body,
Cæsar and the rest following.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Parthenius, Stephanos, Guard.

Parth. Keep a strong Guard upon him, and admit not

Access to any, to exchange a Word,
Or Sillable with him, 'till the Emperour pleases
To call him to his Presence. The Relation
That you have made me *Stephanos* of these late
Strange Passions in *Cesar*, much amaze me.
The Informer *Aretinus* put to Death
For yielding him a true Discovery
Of th' Empress wantonness; poor *Paris* kill'd first
And now lamented; and the Princesses
Consign'd to several Islands; yet *Augusta*
The Mashine on which all this Mischief mov'd
Receiv'd again to Grace?

Steph. Nay courted to it:
(Such is the impotence of his Affection)
Yet; to conceal his Weakness, he gives out
The People made suit for her, whom they hate more
Than Civil War or Famine. But take heed
My Lord, that nor in your Consent nor Wishes
You lent or furtherance, or favour to
The Plot contriv'd against her, should she prove it;
Nay doubt it only, you are a lost Man,
Her Power o'er doting *Cesar* being now
Greater than ever.

Parth. 'Tis a Truth I shake at.
And when there's Opportunity.

Steph. Say but do
I am yours, and sure.

Parth. I will stand one tryal more,
And then you shall hear from me.

Steph.

Steph. Now observe
The fondness of this Tyranny, and her Pride.

Enter Cæsar and Domitia.

Cæs. Nay, all's forgotten.

Domit. It may be on your Part.

Cæs. Forgiven to *Domitia* 'tis a Favour
That you should welcom with more chearful Looks;
Can *Cæsar* Pardon what you durst not hope for,
And to her whose Guilt is wash'd off by his Mercy?

Domit. I ask'd none,
And I should be more wretched to receive
Remission (for what I hold no Crime)
But by a bare Acknowledgment, than if
By slighting, and contemning it, as now
I dar'd thy utmost Fury. Though thy Flatterers
Perswade thee, that thy Murthers, Lusts and Rapes
Are Vertues in thee, and what pleases *Cæsar*;
Though never so unjust, is right and lawful;
Or work in thee a false Belief that thou
Art more than mortal, yet I to thy Teeth
(When circl'd with thy Guards, thy Rods, thy Axes;
And all the Ensigns of thy boasted Power)
Will say *Domitian*, nay add to it *Cæsar*
Is a weak feeble Man, a bond Man to
His violent Passions, and in that my Slave,
Nay more my Slave, than my Affections made me
To my lov'd *Paris*.

Cæs. Can I live and hear this?
Or hear and not revenge it? come,
Do not use me with too much Cruelty;
Lest I shake off the Yoke
Of my fond Dotage.

Domit. Never, do not hope it,
It cannot be. Thou being my Beauty's Captive
And not to be redeem'd my Empire's larger
Than thine *Domitian*, which I'll exercise
With Rigor on thee, for my *Paris* Death.
And when I have forc'd those Eyes now Red with Fury
To drop down Tears, shed in vain to appease me
I know thy Fervour such to my Embraces

(Which

(Which shall be, though still kneel'd for, still deny'd thee)

That thou with Languishment shalt wish my Actor
Did live again, so thou might'st be his second
To feed upon those Delicates when he were fated.

Cæs. O my *Minerva*!

Domit. There she is invoke her;
She cannot arm thee with Ability
To draw thy Sword on me, my Power being greater:

Lamias Wrongs by me,
At the height reveng'd, nor would I out-live *Paris*
But that thy Love increasing with my hate
May add to thy Torments, so with all
Contempt I leave thee. *Exit Domitia.*

Cæs. I am lost

Nor am I *Cæsar*, when I first betray'd
The Freedom of my Faculties, and will
To this imperious Siren, I laid down
The Empire of the World, and of my self
At her proud Feet:

Wake my Anger,
For shame break through this Lethargy, and appear
With usual Terror, and enable me
(Since I wear not a Sword to pierce her Heart,)

Pulls out a Table Book.

To sign her Death, assist me great *Minerva*,
And vindicate thy Votary. So she's now
Among the List of those I have prescrib'd,
And are to free me of my Doubts and Fears,
To die to morrow.

Writes.

Steph. That same fatal Book
Was never drawn yet, but some Men of Rank
Were mark'd out for Destruction.

Parth. I begin
To doubt my self.

Cæs. Who waits there?

Parth. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. So.

These that command arm'd Troops quake at my
Frowns

I

And

And yet a Woman slights 'em. Where's the South-
layer,

We charg'd you to fetch in?

Parth. Ready to suffer

What Death you please t'appoint him.

Cas. Bring him in.

Enter Ascletrario, Tribunes, Guard.

We'll question him our self. Now you that hold
Intelligence with the Stars, and dare prefix
The Day and Hour in which we are to part
With Life and Empire, punctually fore-telling
The Means, and manner of our Violent End,
As you would purchase Credit to your Art,
Resolve me, since you are assur'd of us,
What Fate attends your self?

Ascletr. I have had, long since,
A certain Knowledge, and assure as thou
Shalt die to morrow, being the fourteenth of
The Kalends of *October*, the Hour five,
Spite of Prevention, this Carcass shall be
Torn and devoured by Dogs, and let that stand for a
firm Prediction.

Cas. May our Body Wretch
Find never nobler Sepulcher if this
Fall ever on thee. Are we the great Disposer
Of Life, and Death, yet cannot mock the Stars
In such a Trifle? Hence with the Impostor,
And having cut his Throat, erect a Pile
Guarded with Soldiers, 'till his cursed Trunk
Be turn'd to Ashes, upon forfeit of
Your Life, and theirs, perform it.

Ascletr. 'Tis in vain,
When what I have foretold is made apparent,
Tremble to think what follows.

Cas. Drag him hence,

The Guards bear off Ascletrario.

And do as I command you.

I rest unmov'd,

And in defiance of prodigious Meteors,
Chaldeans vain Predictions, jealous Fears

The

The Soldiers doubted Faith, or People's Rage
 Can bring to shake my Constancy, I am arm'd.
 That scrupulous thing stil'd Conscience is fear'd up
 And I insensible of all my Actions,
 And since I have subdu'd triumphant Love,
 I will not deify pale Captive Fear,
 Nor in a Thought receive it. For till thou
 Wisest *Minerva* that from my first Youth,
 Hast been my sole Protectress, dost forsake me
 Not *Junius Rusticus*, threatned Apparition,
 Nor what this Southsaver but ev'n now foretold
 (Being Things impossible to Human Reason)
 Shall in a Dream disturb me. Bring my Couch there,
Enter with Couch.

A suddain but a secure Drowsiness
 Invites me to repose my self. Let me have Musick
 In the mean time
 Rest there dear Book, which open'd when I wake
Lays the Book under his Pillow.
 Shall make some sleep for ever.

The Musick and Song. Cæsar sleeps.

Enter Parthenius and Domitia.

Domit. Write my Name
 In his bloody Scrole *Parthenius*? the Fear's idle,
 He durst not, could not.

Parth. I can assure nothing,
 But I observ'd when you departed from him,
 After some little Passion, but much Fury,
 He drew it out, whose Death he sign'd I know not
 But in his Looks appear'd a Resolution
 Of what before he staggered at. What he hath
 Determin'd of is uncertain, but too soon
 Will fall on you or me, or both, or any
 His pleasure known to the Tribunes, and Centurions.
 Who never use to enquire his Will but serve it.
 Now if out of the Confidence of your Power,
 The Bloody Catalogue being still about him
 As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,
 You may instruct your self or what to suffer,
 Or how to cross it.

Domit. I would not be caught
With too much Confidence. By your leave Sir. Ha!
No Motion! you lie uneasy Sir,
Let me mend your Pillow.

Parth. Have you it?

Domit. 'Tis here.

Cæs. Oh.

Parth. You have wak'd him, softly gracious Madam
While we are unknown, and then consult at leasure.

Exeunt Parthenius, and Domitia.

*A dreadful Musick sounding, Enter Junius Rusticus,
and Palphurius Sura, with bloody Swords, they wave
them over his Head. Cæsar in his Sleep troubled,
seems to pray to the Image, they scornfully take it
away.*

Defend me Goddess, or this horrid Dream
Will force me to distraction. Whither have
These Furies born thee? Let me rise! and follow
I am bath'd o'er with the cold Sweat of Death,
And am depriv'd of Organs to pursue
These sacrilegious Spirits.

Who dares speak this?

Am I not *Cæsar*? how! again repeat it?

Presumptuous Traitor thou shalt die, what Traytor;

He that hath been a Traytor to himself

And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit

A competent Judge o'er *Cæsar*? *Cæsar.* Yes,

Cæsar by *Cæsar's* sentenc'd, and must suffer,

Minerva cannot save him. Ha! where is she?

Where is my Goddess? vanish'd! I am lost then.

No, 'twas no Dream, but a most real Truth

That *Junius Rusticus*, and *Palphurius Sura*,

In corporal Forms but now appear'd,

Waving their bloody Swords above my Head,

As at their Deaths they threatned. And methought

Minerva ravish'd hence, whisper'd that she

Was for my Blasphemies disarm'd by *Jove*,

And could no more protect me. Yes 'twas so,

His

His Thunder does confirm it, against which
Thunder and Lightning.

Howe'er it spare the Laurel, this proud Wreath
Is no assurance. Ha ! come you resolv'd
To be my Executioners ?

Enter three Tribunes.

1 *Trib.* Allegiance

And Faith forbid that we should lift an Arm
Against your Sacred Head.

2 *Trib.* We rather sue
For Mercy.

3 *Trib.* And acknowled that in Justice
Our Lives are forfeited for not performing
What *Cesar* charg'd us.

1 *Trib.* Nor did we transgress it
In our want of Will or Care, for being but Men
It could not be in us to make Resistance,
The Gods fighting against us.

Ces. Speak in what
Did they express their Anger ? we will hear it
But dare not say undaunted.

1 *Trib.* In brief, thus Sir,
The Sentence given by your imperial Tongue
For the Astrologer *Ascletrario's* Death
With speed was put in Execution.

Ces. Well.

1 *Trib.* For his Throat cut, his Legs bound, and
his Arms
Pinn'd behind his Back, the breathless Trunk
Was with all Scorn dragg'd to the Field of *Mars*,
And there a Pile being rais'd of old dry Wood,
Smeer'd o'er with Oil, and Brimstone, or what else
Could help to feed or to increase the Fire,
The Carcass was thrown on it ; but no sooner
The Stuff, that was most apt, began to flame ;
But suddainly to the amazement of
The fearless Soldier, a sudden flash
Of Lightning breaking through the scatter'd Clouds
With such a horrid Violence forc'd its Passage
And as disdain'g all Heat but it self,

In

In a Moment quench'd the artificial Fire;
 And before we could kindle it again,
 A Clap of Thunder follow'd with such Noise,
 As if then *Jove* incens'd against Mankind,
 Had in his secret Purposes determin'd
 An universal Ruine to the World.

This Horror past, not at *Deucalion's* Flood
 Such a stormy Shower of Rain and yet that Word is
 Was e'er seen. *(too harsh to express it)*

Imagine rather Sir, that with less Fury
 The Waves rush down the Cataracts of *Nile*;
 Yet here the Wonder ends not, but begins:
 For as in vain we labour'd to consume
 The Wizard's Body, all the Dogs of *Rome*
 Howling, and yelling like to famish'd Wolves
 Brake in upon us, and though thousands were
 Kill'd in th' Attempt some did ascend the Pile
 And with their eager Fangs seiz'd on the Carcass,

Ces. But have they torn it?

1 Trib. Torn it, and devour'd it.

Ces. Then dye *Cesar*.

O my lov'd Soldiers
 Your Emperor must leave you: yet tho'
 I cannot grant my self a short Reprieve,
 I freely pardon you. The fatal Hour
 Steals fast upon me. I must die this Morning
 By five my Soldiers, that's the latest Hour
 You e'er must see me living.

1 Trib. *Jove* avert it

In our Swords lies your Fate, and we will guard it,

Ces. O no, it cannot be, it is decreed,
 Above, and by no Strengths here to be altered.

Let proud Mortality but look on *Cesar*
 Compass'd of late with Armies, in his Eyes
 Carrying both Life and Death, and in his Arms
 Fading the Earth; that would be stil'd a God,
 And is for that Presumption cast beneath
 The low Condition of a Common Man,
 Sinking with my own Weight.

1 Trib.

1 Trib. Do not forsake
Your self, we'll never leave you.

2 Trib. We'll draw up
More cohorts of your Guard, if you doubt Treason.

Cæs. They cannot save me. The offended Gods
That now sit Judges on me, from their Envy
Of my Power and Greatness here, conspire against me.

1 Trib. Endeavour to appease them.

Cæs. 'Twill be fruitless
I am past hope of Remission. Yet could I
Decline this dreadful Hour of Five, these Terrors
That drive me to Despair would soon flie from me,
And could you but till then assure me.

1 Trib. Yes Sir,
Or we'll fall with you, and make *Rome* the Urn,
In which we'll mix our Ashes.

Cæs. 'Tis said nobly,
I am something comforted. However to die
Is the full Period of Calamity. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

*Enter Parthenius, Domitia, Julia, Cænis Domitilla,
Stephanos, Sijeius, Entellus.*

Parth. You see we are all condemn'd, there's no
Evasion,
We must do or suffer.

Steph. But it must be suddain,
The least delay is Fatal.

Domit. Would I were
A Man to give it action.

Domitil. Could I make my Approaches though my
Stature
Does promise little, I have a Spirit as daring
As hers, that can reach higher.

Steph.

Steph. I will take
That Burthen from you Madam. All the Art is
To draw him from the Tribunes that attend him
For could you bring him but within my Swords reach
The World should owe her Freedom from a Tyrant;
To *Stephanos*.

Sig. You shall not share alone
The Glory of a Deed that will endure
To all Posterity.

Entel. I will put in
For a Part my self.

Parth. Be resolute, and stand close.
I have conceiv'd a way, and with the hazard
Of my Life I'll practise it to fetch him hither.
But then no trifling.

Steph. We'll dispatch him fear not
A dead Dog never bites.

Parth. Thus then at all.

Parthenius goes off, the rest stand aside.

Enter Cæsar and the Tribunes.

Cas. How slow pac'd are these Minutes! in Extreame
How miserable is the least Delay!
Could I imp Feathers to the Wings of Time
Or with as little Ease command the Sun
To scourge his Coursers up Heaven's eastern Hill,
Making the Hour I tremble at past recalling,
I then might sleep in Peace.
How do I look?

Do you yet see Death about me:

1 Trib. Think not of him,
There is no Danger, all these Prodigies
That do affright you arise from Natural Causes.
And though you do ascribe them to your self,
Had you ne'er been had happen'd.

Cas. 'Tis well said,
Exceeding well, brave Soldier. Can it be
That I that feel my self in Health and Strength
Should still believe I am so near my End,
And have my Guards about me? perish all

Predicti-

Predictions, I grow Constant they are false
And built upon Uncertainties.

1 Trib. This is right.

Now *Cæsar's* hard like *Cæsar*.

Cæs. We will to
The Camp, and having there confirm'd the Soldier
With a large Donative, and increase of Pay
Some shall, I say no more.

Enter Parthenius.

Parth. All Happiness,
Security, long Life attend upon
The Monarch of the World.

Cæs. Thy Looks are chearful.

Parth. And my Relation full of Joy and Wonder.
Why is the Care of your imperial Body,
My Lord, neglected, the fear'd Hour being past,
In which your Life was threatned?

Cæs. Is't past the fifth Hour?

Parth. Past the sixth, upon my Knowledge.
There is a Post new lighted
That brings assur'd Intelligence, that your Legions
In Syria have won a glorious Day,
And much enlarg'd your Empire. I have kept him
Conceal'd that you might first partake the Pleasure
In private, and the Senate from your self
Be taught to understand how much they owe
To you and to your Fortune.

Cæs. Hence pale Fear, then
Lead me *Parthenius*.

1 Trib. Shall we wait you?

Cæs. No.
After Losses, Guards are useful, know your Distance.

Exeunt Cæsar and Parthenius.

2 Trib. How strangely hopes delude Men, as I live
The Hour is not yet come.

1 Trib.

1 Trib. Howe'er we are, I grow Conscience, I am ambitious
To pay our Duties, and observe the Sequel.

Exeunt Trib.

Enter Cæsar, and Parthenius.

Domit. I hear him coming, be constant.

Cæs. Where, *Parthenius*, is this glad Messenger?

Steph. Make the Door fast. Here, a Messenger of Horror.

Cæs. How! betray'd?

Domit. No, taken Tyrant.

Cæs. My *Domitia* in the Conspiracy.

Parth. Behold this Book.

Cæs. Nay then I am lost. Yet though I am unarm'd,
I'll not fall poorly.

Steph. Help me Friends.

Entel. Thus, and thus.

Sije. Are you so long a falling?

Cæs. 'Tis done, 'tis done basely.

Parth. This for my Father's Death.

Domit. This for my *Paris*.

Ful. This for thy Incest.

Domit. This for thy Abuse of *Domitilla*.

[These severally stab him.]

Enter Tribunes.

1 Trib. Force the Doors; O *Mars*!
What have you done.

Parth. What *Rome* shall give us thanks for.

Steph. Dispatch'd a Monster.

1 Trib. Yet he was our Prince

However wicked, and in you this Murther

Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge,

Nor will we that serv'd under his command

Consent that such a Monster as thy self

(For in thy Wickedness, *Augustus*'s Title

Hath quite forsook thee) thou that wert the ground

Of all these Mischiefs, shall go hence unpunish'd,

Lay

Lay Hands on her. And drag her to Sentence,
We will refer the Hearing to the Senate,
Who may at their best leisure censure you.
Take up his Body. He in Death hath paid
For all his Cruelties. Here's the difference
Good Kings are mourn'd for after Life, but ill
And such as govern'd only by their Will
And not their Reason. Unlamented fall
No Goodman's Tear attend their Funeral.

Florisb.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.



My friends on earth, And drag her to the ground
We will let the living to the dead
Who must at their last future century
Take up his body. He is Death here paid
For all his Cruelty. Here's the difference
Good Kings are crown'd for after life, but ill
And such as govern only by their Will
And not their Reason. Unlamented fall
No Godwin's Tears attend their Funeral.
Horrors.
Edmund Spenser

F I N I S



50. sup. 500. K. 50.
P O E M S

O N

Several Subjects.

Formerly written by an Under-Graduate
at the UNIVERSITY.

Veniam petimusque, damusque vicissim.

Hor. De Art. Poët.



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